

SERIAL STORY

FRIDAY THE 13TH

A Novel by
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"Frenzied Finance."

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CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Whether it was that for the first time in all his wonderful career he realized that the "system" was to meet its Nemesis, or what the cause, none could tell, perhaps not even Harry Conant himself, but some emotion caused his olive face for an instant to turn pale, and give his voice a tell-tale quiver. Once more he uttered "25 for 5,000." That Bob saw the pallor, that he caught the quiver, was evident to all, for the instant his "sold" rang out, he followed it with 5,000 at 23, 22, 21. Neither Harry Conant nor any of his lieutenants got in a "take it," although whether they wanted to or not was an open question until Bob allowed his voice to dwell just like a pendulum swing of time on the 20. It was as if he were tantalizing them into sticking by their guns. By the time he paused, Harry Conant's nerve was back, for his piercing "Take it" had linked to it "29 for any part of \$10,000." The bid was yet on his lips when Bob's deep voice rang out "Sold." Any part of 25,000 at 19, 18, 15, 10. He was now loose. Back and forth, up against the rail, around the room and back and around again, the crowd surged for 15 of the wildest, craziest minutes in the history of the New York stock exchange, a history replete with records of wild and crazy scenes.

At last from sheer exhaustion there came a ten minutes' lull, which was used in comparing trades. At the beginning of the respite Sugar was selling at 155, for in that quarter hour of madness it had broken from 210 to 155, but when the ten minutes had elapsed, the stock had worked back to 167. Harry Conant had again taken the center of the crowd, after hastily scanning the brief notes handed him by messenger-boys and giving orders to his lieutenants. He had evidently received reinforcements in the form of renewed orders from his principals. Many of the faces that fringed the inner circle of that crowd were frightful to look upon, some white as though just lifted from hospital pillows, others red to the verge of apoplexy—all strained as though awaiting the coming of the jury with a life or death verdict. They all knew that Bob had sold more than a hundred thousand shares of Sugar upon which the profits must be more than \$4,000,000. Would he resume selling, or was he through? Was it short stock, which must be bought back, or long stock; and if long, whose stock? Were the insiders selling out on one another, or were they all selling together, and under cover of Harry Conant's movements were Camemeyer and "Standard Oil" emptying their bag preparatory to the slaughter of the Washington contingent? All these questions were rushing through the heads of that crowd of brokers like steam through a boiler, now hot, now cold, but always at high pressure, for upon the correctness of the answer depended the fortune of many who breathlessly awaited the renewal or the suspension of the contest. Even Harry Conant's usually impassive face wore a tinge of anxiety.

Indeed, Bob was the only one in the center of that throng that showed no sign of what was going on behind it. The same cynical smile that had been there since the opening still played around the corners of his mouth as he squared himself in front of his opponent. All knew now that he was not through. Harry Conant had evidently decided to force the fighting, although more cautiously than before. "267 for a thousand." One of his lieutenants bid 67 for 500, another 67 for 500, and as Bob had not yet shown his intention of meeting their bids, 67 for different amounts was heard all over the house. Bob might have been tossing a metal coin to decide the advisability of buying back what he had sold; he might have been adding up the bids as they were made. He said nothing for a fraction of a minute, which to those tortured men must have seemed like an age. Then with a wave of his hand, as though delivering a benediction, he swept the circle with a cold-blooded, "Sold the lots. 5,000 in all."

"Sixty-seven for a thousand"—again Harry Conant's bid. "Sold." "67 for 5,000." "Sold." "66 for a thousand." "Sold." The drop from 5,000 to 1,000 and a dollar a share in Harry Conant's bids was the mortally wounded, but still game general's "Sound the Retreat." Bob heard it. "Any part of 10,000 at 65, 64, 62, 60." The din was

now as fierce as before. The entire crowd, all but Harry Conant and his lieutenants, seemed to have concluded that Bob's renewal of attack meant that he was the winning side, and those who had been hanging on to their stock hoping against hope, and those who were short and had been undecided whether to cover or to hold on and sell more for greater profits, rallied with one another in a frantic effort to sell. All could now feel the coming panic. All could see that it was a bad one, as the least informed on the floor knew that there was a tremendous amount of Sugar stock in the hands of Washington novices at speculation and of others who had bought it at high prices. Sugar was now dropping two, three, five dollars a share between trades, and the panic was spreading to the other poles, as it always the case, for when there are sudden large losses in one stock, the losers must throw over the other stocks they hold to meet their loss, and thus the whole structure tumbles like a house of cards. Sugar had just crossed 110 when the loud bang of the president's gavel resounded through the room. Instantly there was a silence as of death. All knew the meaning of the sound, the most ominous ever heard in a stock exchange, calling for the temporary suspension of business while the president announces the failure of some member or house.

PERKINS, BLANCHARD & CO. Announce that They Cannot Meet Their Obligations.

This statement that one of the oldest houses had been swamped in the crash Bob had started caused further frantic selling, and, as though every member had employed the bill to recall his lungs, a howl arose that pealed and wailed to the dome.

I watched Bob closely; in fact, it was impossible for me to take my eyes off him; he seemed absolutely unmindful of the agonizing shrieks



He Seemed Absolutely Unmindful of the Agonizing Shriek About Him.

about him, for the frenzied brokers were no longer crying their bids or offers, but screaming them. He still continued relentlessly to hammer Sugar, offering it in thousands and tens of thousands lots.

Again and again the gavel fell, and again and again an announcement of failure was followed by blood-curdling howls. When Sugar struck 80—not 150, but plain 80—it seemed that the last day of stock speculation was at hand. Announcements were being made every few minutes of the failure of this bank, the closing of the doors of that trust company. Where would it end? What power could stop this Niagara of molten dollars? Suddenly above the tumult rose Bob Brownley's voice. He must have been standing on his tiptoes. His hands were raised aloft. He seemed to tower a head above the mob. His voice was still clear and unimpeded by the terrible strain of the past two hours. To that mob it must have sounded like the trumpet of the delivering angel. "80 for any part of 25,000 Sugar." Instantly Sugar was buried at him from all sides of the crowd. He was the only buyer of the moment who had appeared since Sugar broke 125. Harry Conant and his lieutenants had disappeared like snowflakes at the opening of the door of the firebox of a locomotive speeding through the storm. In a few seconds Bob had been sold all the 25,000 he had bid for. Again his voice rang out: "80 for 25,000." The sellers momentarily halted. He got only a few thousand of his 25, "85 for 25,000." A few thousand more, "89 for 25,000." Still fewer thousands. His bidding was beginning to tell on the mob. A cry ran through the room into the crowds around the poles: "Brownley has turned!"—and taking renewed courage at the report, the bulls rallied their forces and began to bid for the different stocks, which

a moment before it had seemed that no one wanted at any price.

In a chip of a minute the whole scene changed; there was almost as wild a panic on the up side as there had been on the down. Bob Brownley continued buying Sugar until he had pushed it above 150. He then went about tallying up his trades. At the end of ten minutes' calculation he returned to the center and bought 11,000 shares more; coming out, his eye caught mine.

"Jim, have you been here long?" "An eternity. I was here at the opening and I pray God never to put me through another two hours like the past two. It seems a hideous dream, a nightmare. Bob, in the name of God, what have you been doing?"

He gave me a wild, awful look of exultation. Sublime triumph shone in those blazing brown orbs, triumph such as I had never seen in the eyes of man.

"Jim Randolph, I have been giving Wall street and its hell system a dose of its own poison, a good full-measure dose. They planned by harvesting a fresh crop of human hearts and souls on the bull side to give Friday the 13th a new meaning. Tradition says Friday the 13th is Bear Suits' day. I believe in maintaining old traditions, so I have harvested their hearts instead. I will tell you about it some time, Jim, but now I must see Beulah Sands. Jim Randolph, I've saved her and her father. I've made them a round three millions and a strong seven millions for myself."

He almost yelled it as he rushed away and left me dazed, stupefied. A moment, and I came to. Something urged me to follow him.

CHAPTER VI.

As I passed through my office a few minutes later I heard Bob's voice in Beulah Sands' office. It was raised in passionate eloquence.

"Yes, Beulah, I have done it single-handed. I have crucified Camemeyer,

"Standard Oil," and the 'system' that spiked me to the cross a few weeks ago. You have three millions, and I have seven. Now there is nothing more but for you to go home to your father, and then come back to me. Back to me, Beulah, back to me to be my wife!"

He stopped. There was no sound. I waited; then, frightened, I stepped to the door of Beulah Sands' office. Bob was standing just inside the threshold, where he had halted to give her the glad tidings. She had risen from her desk and was looking at him with an agonized stare. He seemed to be transfixed by her look, the wild ecstasy of the outburst of love yet mirrored in his eyes. She was just saying as I reached the door:

"Bob, in more's name tell me you got this money fairly, honorably."

Bob must have realized for the first time what he had done. He did not speak. He only stared into her eyes. She was now at his side.

"Bob, you are unnerved," she said; "you have been through a terrible ordeal. For an hour I have been reading in the bulletins of the banks and trust companies that have failed, of the banking houses that have been ruined. I have been reading that you did it; that you have made millions—and I knew it was for me, for father, but in the midst of my joy, my gratitude, my love—for, oh, Bob, I love you," she interrupted herself passionately: "It seems as though I love you beyond the capacity of a human heart to love. I think that for the right to be yours for one single moment of this life I would willingly endure all the pains and miseries of eternal torture. Yes, Bob, for me right to have you call me yours for only while I heard the words, I would do anything, Bob, anything that was honorable."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

METHOD IN HIS SOLICITUDE.

Willie's Deep Interest in Playmate's Health Explained.

This story is well in keeping with the spirit of the age, says the New York Tribune. A Bronx man tells it about his little boy. The neighbor's young hopeful was very ill, and Willie and the other youngsters in the block had been asked not to make any noise in the streets. The neighbor's bell rang one day and she opened it to find Willie standing bashfully on her front steps.

"How is he to-day?" he inquired in a shy whisper.

"He's better, thank you, dear, and what a thoughtful child you are to come and ask."

Willie stood a moment on one foot and then burst forth again, "I'm awful sorry Jimmy's sick."

The mother was profoundly touched. She could find no further words to say, but simply kissed him. Made still bolder by the caress, Willie began to back down the steps, repeating at intervals his sorrow for his playmate's illness. At the bottom step he halted and looked up. "If Jimmy should die," he asked, "kin I have his drum?"

FOR SELFISH ENDS.

The Efforts Being Made by the American Medical Association.

The Political activity of the American Medical Association has become so pronounced as to cause comment in political circles especially as the avowed purpose of the Doctors of the "Regular" or Allopathic school, of which the Association is chiefly composed, is to secure the passage of such laws as will not only prevent the sale of so-called "Patent" medicines, but will restrict the practice of medicine and healing to the "schools" now recognized. This in many states would prevent the growing practice of Osteopathy, and in nearly every state would prevent the healers of the Christian Science and mental science belief from practicing those sciences in which the faith of so many intelligent people is so firmly rooted.

The American Medical Association has a "Committee on Legislation," and the committee has correspondents in practically every township—some 16,000 correspondents in all. This committee at the last session of the American Medical Association held in June of this year expressed a hope that a larger number of physicians than heretofore will offer themselves as candidates for Congress at the first opportunity. In its annual report this Committee said: "To meet the growing demands of the movement, however, particularly if the work of active participation in State legislation is undertaken, a larger clerical force must be employed."

This is almost the first time in the history of the United States that any organized class has frankly avowed the purpose of capturing legislatures and dominating legislation in their own selfish interests.

The American Medical Association has about 65,000 members of whom 27,000 are "fully constituted members" and the rest are members because of their affiliation with state or local societies. The Association owns real estate in Chicago valued at \$111,781.91 and its total assets are \$291,667.89. Its liabilities, at the time of the annual report which was made at the June meeting, amounted to only \$21,906. The excess of assets over liabilities is increasing at the rate of about \$30,000 a year, and the purpose of the organization is to dominate the field of medicine, and by crushing all competitors by securing the passage of prohibitive legislation, compel all of the people of the United States to pay a doctor's fee every time the most simple remedy is needed.

President Castro's Conceit.

Many stories have been told of Cipriano Castro, president of Venezuela, and of his monumental conceit. During the Russo-Japanese war the fall of Port Arthur was being explained to him.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed. "With 500 Venezuelans I could have taken it in four days."

"With a thousand, in one day, your excellency," said the diplomatic representative of a European power.

Castro was so pleased at what was intended to be sarcasm that, it is said, the diplomat succeeded next day in securing satisfaction of a claim that his government had been vainly pressing for years.

No Peace Conference.

"Are you going to strike, ma?" asked the little boy, as he tremblingly gazed upon the uplifted shingle.

"That's just what I'm going to do."

"Can't we arbitrate, ma, before you strike?"

"I am just going to arbitrate," she said, as the shingle descended and raised a cloud of dust from the seat of a pair of pantaloon—"I am just going to arbitrate, my ser, and this shingle is the board of arbitration."

Sacred Deer of Japan.

Deer are relatively plenty in various parts of Japan, and in such show places as Maru and Miyajima are held as sacred, becoming so tame as to eat from the hands of visitors. They are generally smaller in size than the American deer.

Few Runaways in New York.

Although New York is a "biting postless" city there are fewer runaway horses in its streets than in the average city of one-tenth of its population.

Our character is but the stamp of the free choices of good and evil we make through life.—Geikie.

GETTING EXPERIENCE

Lazarre was young in experience in the automobile game, also enthusiastic, this being attributable largely to the fact that two meal tickets had to be financed weekly, and that the rent of the modest little apartment called home was required in advance.

Therefore, when a friend informed him by telephone that he had a prospective purchaser from a southern city in tow Lazarre lost no time in appearing on the scene with a machine, prepared to give a demonstration.

"Isn't it the dearest machine?" exclaimed the enthusiastic young man who had been introduced by the mutual acquaintance as Mrs. Greenburg, as they bowed down the avenue.

Lazarre cheerfully admitted that it was the best thing on wheels.

"It must be fine to be able to handle an automobile so skillfully," purred the young woman, who had insisted on taking a front seat that she might better study the operation of the machine.

Lazarre hastened to assure her it was no trick at all, deftly dodging around the rear of a street car and narrowly missing a pedestrian. But somehow under her admiring gaze he felt his chest expand and his position assumed added dignity.

"You see," confided his companion, "George and I are on our wedding trip—we were married less than a week ago—and George promised to buy me an automobile. Didn't you, George, dear?"

"Sure, little girl," agreed "George," leading forward and lovingly tapping her on the cheek. "You can have anything you want."

Lazarre had noticed the prosperous appearance of the couple when he met them at the hotel. The mutual acquaintance had assured him that Greenburg was a prominent man in his home town, and that father-in-law Cohen was possessed of a comfortable fortune, and not averse to loosening the pursestrings when his daughter's interests were involved. There was, therefore, apparently little cause for alarm so far as ability to produce the necessary cash was concerned.

The luncheon that followed at the hotel was even more enjoyable than the ride.

Under the influence of dreamy eyes and a musical voice Lazarre almost forgot he was connected with anything so commonplace as the automobile business. Somehow even the subject seemed distasteful, and Greenburg's persistence in asking questions regarding the machine annoyed him.

Lazarre was too busily engaged in mentally figuring out the "extras" that could be purchased with his commission on the sale to note the shortage of five dollars in the change he received when settling for the luncheon.

His enthusiasm increased momentarily, and with an extravagance born of anticipation he carelessly tossed the waiter a dollar as though it was the commonest thing in the world.

"We've had such a lovely time," was the parting remark of the little woman, upon whom Lazarre gazed with undisguised admiration. "It was awfully nice of you, and I know I'll like my automobile too much for anything."

"Meet me at the hotel at ten tomorrow morning, and I'll give you a check as a guarantee," whispered Greenburg, as he left.

"A few more such sales and I'll make some of those old fellows sit up and take notice," Lazarre confided to his wife that evening. "That extra money means a new summer outfit for you—saw one in a window on the avenue as I came along that just hit my fancy—and a new hat with big plumes and a lot of other things."

And Mrs. Lazarre—practical little body—smiled indulgently at this flight of fancy.

With buoyant step Lazarre entered the hotel promptly at ten o'clock on the following morning. Nodding familiarly to an acquaintance or two he walked up to the desk and inquired for Mr. Greenburg.

"Gone," replied the clerk.

"W-w-w-what?" he managed to gasp.

"Gone. Paid his bill and left with his wife last evening."

Lazarre's brain whirled. He leaned against the counter. There must be some mistake—and the new suit, the hat!

"Stung!" he muttered, as the truth dawned on him.

And turning on his heel he strode away.

Grief Drove Him Insane.

Painful was the scene at the funeral of an old woman, named Burgess, which took place at Holmworth, near Northampton, England, recently. Her son, a widower, aged about 45, who had lived with his mother some time, was so prostrated by grief that he suddenly went mad and attempted to wrench the coffin lid off with his hands. Police were sent for, and he was with much difficulty conveyed to the workhouse.

Her Bad Break.

"Well," said she, "I bought a Noah's ark to-day as a birthday gift for the Greens' little boy."

"What on earth were you thinking of?" demanded her husband. "Don't you know they're vegetarians?"

"Of course, but what of that?"

"Why, that boy is morally certain to put some of those animals in his mouth, and even swallow them, perhaps!"—Catholic Standard and Times.



Paint Secrets

A paint manufacturer always prefers to keep secret the fact that he has substituted something else for white lead in his paint, but when the substitution is discovered he defends the adulteration as an improvement.

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Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis,
Philadelphia (John T. Lewis & Bros. Co.),
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Bobbin Boys' Wages.

John B. Lennon, treasurer of the American Federation of Labor, delivered recently an address on strikes.

Turning to the amusing features of the strike question, Mr. Lennon said: "I remember a strike of bobbin boys, a just strike, and one that succeeded. These boys conducted their fight well, even brilliantly. Thus the day they turned out they posted in the spinning room of their employers' mill a great placard inscribed with the words:

"The wages of sin is death, but the wages of the bobbin boys is worse."

Puzzled.

The bard from the city had sold sufficient verses to spend a week in a rural boarding house. Waving off the swarms of June bugs and mosquitoes, the bard sat penning his lines by the yellow light of a kerosene lamp.

"How I love this madrigal!" he "rused to himself.

The horny-handed farmer, who sat greasing his boots, looked up in surprise.

"Gracious!" he drawled. "Where is she?"

"Who?" asked the astonished bard.

"Why, the gal you just said you loved."

A Different Loaf.

"Why," exclaimed little Johnny, when he heard his father telling about somebody who was looking after the loaves and fishes, "that's just what mamma says about Uncle Henry!"

"Says about Uncle Henry?" repeated his father, in astonishment. "What do you mean?"

"Why, pa, don't you know," said Johnny, "mamma says Uncle Henry only loafs and fishes."

Group of St. Mary's Churches.

There are in London a round dozen churches named after St. Mary, nearly all of them belonging to a single group closely packed together, showing that they all came from the one great parish of Aldermary.

Self-Forgetfulness.

Self-forgetfulness in love for others has a foremost place in the ideal character and represents the true end of humanity.—Peabody.

It is the cause, and not the death, that makes the martyr.—Napoleon.

BAD DREAMS

Frequently Due to Coffee Drinking.

One of the common symptoms of coffee poisoning is the bad dreams that spoil what should be restful sleep. A man who found the reason says:

"Formerly I was a slave to coffee. I was like a morphia fiend, could not sleep at night, would roll and toss in my bed and when I did get to sleep was disturbed by dreams and hobgoblins, would wake up with headaches and feel bad all day, so nervous I could not attend to business. My writing looked like bird tracks, I had sour belchings from the stomach, indigestion, heartburn and palpitation of the heart, constipation, irregularity of the kidneys, etc.

"Indeed, I began to feel I had all the troubles that human flesh could suffer, but when a friend advised me to leave off coffee I felt as if he had insulted me. I could not bear the idea, it had such a hold on me and I refused to believe it the cause.

"But it turned out that no advice was ever given at a more needed time for I finally consented to try Postum and with the going of coffee and the coming of Postum all my troubles have gone and health has returned. I eat and sleep well now, nerves steadied down and I write a fair hand (as you can see), can attend to business again and rejoice that I am free from the monster coffee."

Ten days' trial of Postum in place of coffee will bring sound, restful, refreshing sleep. "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. Some physicians call it "a little health classic."